

The Dream to Build a City

by Jerry Ratch

I tried to drain the ocean
But only got a waterfall
I tried to drain the sky
But only got a thunderstorm
I got lightning
I got rain

I had to build a city
By blowing on the palm of my hand
The sands rose up
The dust blew away
And all that was left
Was a pillar of salt

I had a dream that I wasn't who I am
Until I found the inner life of clouds
After sunset
And that was when the wild rain
Of dreaming came to an end
And Reality set in

